



A NEW SONG CALLED THE WEDDING AFTERNOON

Tell me, tell me lovely Molly, what news
have you from home

Hush, hush, hush, and listen and hear
cheeks were like the rose

I have orders from your parents for to wed
you quick and soon

Your friends and mine must meet together
on tomorrow afternoon

Tell me, tell me lovely Molly, where the wed-
ding is to be

In that old cot by the Shannon, as best known
to you and me

One word more for marriage token, play us
up the wedding tune

Hush my boys for I'll be married on to-mor-
row afternoon

Down by a lonely river, a dark mass of
friends were seen

Far above the strangers, cottage sat our
dear Irish queen

Friends they pass'd along the valleys like
the banshee's lonely cry

Twelvethousand pipers at our wedding on
tomorrow afternoon

Out of every mud wall cabin friends were
watching far and near

Many was the sweetheart there, was wish-
ing for the broad day light

I have a letter from your brother for to wed
you quick and soon

Your friends and mine must meet together
on tomorrow afternoon

